

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Our Country.

Our thought of thee is glad, we hope,
Dear country of our love and prayers,
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and airs.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made;
In future tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep, but men remain
As true and wise and brave as they;
Why count the loss without the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.

No lack was in thy primal stock,
No weakling founders builded here;
They were the men of Plymouth Rock,
The Puritan and Cavalier.

And they whose firm endurance gained
The freedom of the souls of men,
Whose hands, unstained in peace
maintained

The swordless common-wealth of Penn.
And time shall be the power of all
To do the work that duty bids,
And make the people's Council Hall
As lasting as the Pyramids.

The lesson all the world shall learn,
The nations at thy feet shall sit;
Earth's farthest mountain tops shall
burn

With watchfires from thine own uplift.
Great, without seeking to be great,
By fraud or conquest—rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,
So owns our loyal dream of thee;
God of our fathers! make it true.

Oh, land of lands! to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee, thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

—John G. Whittier.

THE OUTCOME OF A TEST.

"Here, Professor Brunot, are the conditions of the proposed test. You are not to read them until you have hypnotized your subject, you are not to utter one word to him except mentally, and you will remain in my company until the matter is decided one way or the other. If hours after he returns to normal conditions he does what I have prescribed, you win my \$100."

"And if not you win mine. That is all right. I have confidence in Miller. He is the best subject I have ever had; the only one, I admit, over whom I could exercise telepathic control perfectly. I shall have your \$100, Mr. Blanchard."

"Perhaps. Put Crandall in the next room, where he can see without being seen by your subject, and get to work."

The hypnotee, a bleached, scorbutic looking young man, was called in and very readily put in the trance condition. Then the professor read Mr. Blanchard's prescribed condition for the test. "They are very hard," he commented in an undertone, "but I accept them." Here is what he read:

"Make him know where my rooms are and come there at 4 o'clock to-day, ask for me and go away without seeing me, taking with him a letter from the center table in the parlor, go to the Grand Central depot and slip that letter into the left hand pocket of a coat on a stout man dressed in gray."

During some twenty minutes the hypnotist appeared to be exercising all his powers of concentration and will to silently impress upon his subject the long sequence of actions required, while the countenance of the hypnotee was eloquent of fixed attention, anxiety and finally exhaustion.

Precisely at 4 o'clock Dan, Mr. Blanchard's man, announced to his master that a young man giving the name of Arthur Miller wished to see him.

"Show him into the parlor and say I will see him directly," replied Mr. Blanchard, and turning to the professor and Mr. Crandall, who were with him in the dining room, he added, "First score against me."

"Yes, sir. I left it there on the table."

"Then there were two here?"

"No, sir. The one you left for the mail I put a stamp on and posted. The other I left in its place."

"What sort of a letter was it?"

"A small one."

"Addressed in a lady's writing?"

"I didn't take particular notice, but I think so, sir."

"That infernal Miller has carried off the wrong letter!"

"No particular letter was specified. I don't see how that affects the demonstration if he took a letter left here," argued the professor.

"Confound him and blast the demonstration!" exclaimed Mr. Blanchard excitedly. "This is a much more serious matter. The thing must be stopped before any more mischief is done."

"You must not interfere with the test."

"It is done up. I give. You've won. Come, we've got to get a hack. Miller must be caught."

"Don't get excited. You will find the letter in Crandall's pocket."

"I want it in mine. Come on. I'm talking no chances."

Mr. Arthur Miller went right along about what some impulse from his subconscious mind made him imagine was his business or duty. Not for the life of him could he have told why he had gone at a particular time to a stranger's rooms, seized there a letter and was now looking for a stout man in gray, but when he saw in the thick of a throng of people moving toward a gate with a view toward an outgoing train a stout man in a gray suit he elbowed his way through until he had slipped the letter into the pocket of the man in gray and then dropped back out of the crowd with the contented sigh of one whose duty was done. As he stood in an open space mopping his forehead in a dazed sort of way another stout man dressed in gray touched his shoulder and said:

"You have made a mistake."

"How so? I don't know."

"But you are not to be blamed."

"Glad to know it, but I don't see why I might be."

Just then Mr. Blanchard plunged in, caught him by an arm and demanded anxiously, "Where's that letter?" a query which seemed to stun the young man. "Have you got it?"

"No," said Mr. Crandall, answering for him. "But you have lost fairly. He put it in the pocket of a man who answered the description. I saw him do it. It's all right. The fellow looked like me."

"It's all wrong—the wrong letter. It must be recovered. I wouldn't have lost it for ten times the bet."

"I don't see how you'll get it. The gate has closed while we've been talking, the train is gone and the man is a 'has been' so far as we are concerned."

Mr. Blanchard said various vehement things.

"He was a commuter. I noticed that he simply showed a ticket, and that's all we know about him. And the commuters are legion strong."

"The gateman may know him."

They found the gateman, a surly, ill conditioned old fellow, but amenable to the mollifying influence of a bank note, and with some pretended difficulty he affected to remember with an effort proportioned to his pay. "Why, yes; I guess the gentleman you want is Mr. Berdan, who goes to Tarrytown."

They sent a telegram after him in care of the conductor of the train and from Spuyten Duyvil got an answer back:

"No letter in possession that doesn't belong to me. Know nothing about it."

"Heavens, Crandall!" exclaimed Mr. Blanchard, drawing his friend aside. "It was from the Widow Kitley. You know enough to imagine how important it may be to me. And it's lost!"

"I don't see what's the use in getting excited about it. She can write you another."

"Will she? To a man so careless and stupid as to lose in such an idiotic way a letter that—"

"Go and tell her all about it. She has sense. It will be all right. Probably she will tell you what she has written, and that may be even more agreeable."

"I must. There's nothing else to be done."

Mrs. Myra Kitley was an exceedingly charming young woman, a plump but not fat brunette whose widowhood had in her estimation lasted very much longer than law and society gave her credit for, even longer perhaps than she deemed reasonably her due. Her husband, Jack, had been such a scapegrace that they had separated a good twelvemonth at least before his thirsty and rascally career closed, and even his creditors had generally forgotten him by the time she learned of his demise, which occurred while she was in Europe. The steamer that brought her back to New York also brought Mr. James Blanchard, and ever since she had known herself a widow he had been doing his best to persuade her that a protracted period of even conventional mourning for such a husband as Jack was uncalled for, if not actually absurd. In her heart she agreed with him, but the fear of "what people would say" kept her in half mourning and postponed her acceptance of the standing offer of his heart and hand. Perseverance, however, rarely faileth of reward, and there came a time when the pretty widow coyly promised to give him her answer by letter. And that was the letter he had lost.

Mr. Blanchard had little doubt of its purport. He was at least as happily confident as an anxiously expectant suitor has any reasonable right to be, but to lose her sweet consent and assurance of her love in this ridiculous way was exasperating, and he did not doubt she would punish him a little for it by a coquettish revival of his doubts and fears. His worst anticipations were more than realized.

Meekly, deprecatingly, he told his tale of woe, and though he felt how sad it was, the way in which she received it surprised and even puzzled him. She paled, blushed rosy red and finally burst into tears. In vain he besought her to tell "what was in the letter."

"Never, never!" she protested. "Never while I live!"

"Good heavens, Myra," he cried, "it cannot be possible that you have had the cruelty to deny me! Come, tell me what your letter contained. End my anxiety."

But she took refuge in tears, and the ambiguous declaration, "Fate is against me!"

Mr. Blanchard was not one of those who supinely permit fate to settle their affairs for them. If he could get from the charming widow no information one way or the other he would seek the desired knowledge elsewhere and, saying grimly to himself, "The hair of the dog is a cure for the bite," betook himself again to the hypnotist.

"Professor Brunot," he said, "I wish to make trial of another alleged power of your so called science, and if you are willing the bet of today goes over again."

"Make your proposition."

"I believe you claim clairvoyance for the hypnotee; that he is able to read a letter that is by no possible means visible to his physical sight—a sealed letter?"

"Not of all hypnotees, by any means, but of Arthur Miller I certainly do so claim."

"Good enough. One who can do it is as good for me as a thousand. Fetch him along right off."

"Tonight? It is impossible. I do not know where to find him at this hour. But he will be here at noon to-morrow. Come then, and you shall have the proof you desire."

"Well, I suppose that will have to go under the circumstances. I shall be here, no fear about that."

Mr. Blanchard was punctual in keeping the appointment and saw with gratification that Miller, having come a little early, had already been plunged into the hypnotic state by the professor so that no time should be lost. Ah, how earnestly he hoped clairvoyance would prove all that had been claimed for it. How gladly he would lose that hundred dollars even if the widow had written "No!" In that case he would simply have to go to her again more determinedly than before.

"He is in superb condition to-day, fit for anything that is possible," said the professor confidently. "Put the letter in my hands."

"What letter?"

"The sealed one which you wish to have him read."

"Go to the deuce! If I had it don't you think I could open and read it for myself?"

"But how is he to read a letter when there isn't any?"

"But there is—the one that was lost yesterday through his blunder."

"Oh, that! You ask what is not possible. How can he be put in rapport with a letter that is—no body knows where? And, even if he could, how would you, if you do not know what is in that letter, be able to determine whether he reads correctly, even if he should profess to do so?"

Mr. Blanchard jammed his hat upon his head and rushed out. He cursed the hour in which hypnotism was invented and that in which he had ever heard of it.

On the street he met a man named Pelletreau, whom he always called "a greasy foreigner," not because he had any knowledge that Pelletreau was greasy, but for the hate he bore for the fellow's unctuous smiles when they two were fellow voyagers with Mrs. Kitley on her return from Europe. And now it seemed to him Pelletreau was coming from the direction of her house and wearing a greasier grin of self sufficiency than ever before. Blanchard's soul grew green with jealousy, and he set out at once in hot haste to call the widow to account.

But while he is on his way there let us see what really had become of that letter. Mr. Berdan, taking out his handkerchief to wipe his perspiring brow, pulled it from his pocket, and it fell unnoticed on the platform. After having been walked upon by many persons an elderly commuter picked it up, a kind, considerate gentleman who had sense enough to know it should be returned to the mail and for that purpose put it in his pocket along with a letter his wife had given to him for mailing that morning. He would attend to them both the next morning, he said to himself. And so he did, except that he did not happen to think of them until the second day afterward.

But while we have been picking up this stray thread of fact Mr. Blanchard has reached the widow's. She was still in the mood of the day before, tearfully obstinate in her refusal to give him any satisfaction until she realized that she had an unreasonably jealous man to deal with, one whom it would be well to placate if she did not wish to break with him altogether. Then she assured him very earnestly that she had not seen M. Pelletreau for at least a month and had no thought of wishing ever to see him again. Then, having gone so far, she gave way altogether and admitted that her answer had been "Yes."

When the transports of his rapturous joy had been somewhat calmed he said to her, "But, why, my darling, did you not tell me so yesterday?"

"Because," she replied, "you asked me what was in the letter, and I didn't feel as if I could tell then."

"You could not tell me you had given me reason to be the happiest of men?"

Oh, there was something else! You know what a wretch Jack was; how he spent all his money and all mine he could get hold of. Well, he did more. He pawned some very valuable jewels of mine, which I said nothing about for fear of scandal, and only three days ago I got them back from the man who advanced money on them to him, and they looked so horrid I didn't want anything to do with them, and so I sent them to you to take care of for me."

"I don't understand, my dear. You sent me the jewels in a letter?"

"Oh, no, no, dear; not the jewels—the pawn tickets."

"Ah, then I fear they are lost by this time. No matter. I'll replace them."

But they were not lost, thanks to the good commuter, who finally remembered those letters, so the outcome of the test was happy after all.

PLAY

SPOTLESS TOWN

AT

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

148th St., West of Amsterdam Ave.

Saturday, February 6th, 1904.

The Lady or the Tiger.

One of our lady teachers had a terrifying adventure yesterday. It was not a man under the bed. It was still worse. It was a cow, a real, live, snorting, cavorting, belligerent cow! The teacher in question was coming up High Street, and just as she was about to turn the corner into Institute Street, she saw the cow coming toward her with a fishy eye and a crumpled horn and an attitude that boded storm. To climb the fence of the friendly yard to her right and leap upon the other side was but the work of a moment, and was accomplished with a grace and agility the young lady had never shown before; not even in her rambles among our hills here, or in her recent Alpine mountaineering. The lady and the cow stood confronting each other, the one as much astonished as the other was scared, but fortunately a paladin arrived to end the awkward situation, in the shape of the little boy who had the cow in charge and who calmly drove her to her pasturage. The adventure was witnessed by a number of the teachers and officers from the safe vantage ground of the school room windows, and their opinion of their colleague's presence of mind and acrobatic ability has been considerably enhanced.

It should be mentioned that another of our lady teachers who, while she has not been to Europe, has seen a good many of the ten thousand lakes of Minnesota, had a somewhat similar adventure with the same breed of cow, only instead of climbing a fence she took refuge in a friendly porch. Cows may be all right in a picture or in a barn, but in a street they are a nuisance. —Colorado Index.

SMOKELESS POWDER.

Dr. R. J. Gatling, the inventor of the famous machine gun, in a recent talk about the possibilities of smokeless powder, said that we are not yet educated to realize the enormous revolution in future warfare caused by the invention of smokeless powder.

"Already," said he, "it has rendered obsolete between three and four millions of muskets in Europe that were made to shoot black powder, not to speak of the millions of cartridges, all of which the countries possessing them would be willing to sell for a mere song. Here is a vast sum of wasted capital, but it is the inevitable result of progress. Our army guns in this country will soon be in the obsolete category, for to keep pace with the rest of the world we will have to adopt smokeless powder, too."

"A gun loaded with it will send a bullet just twice as far as the black powder does. Again, the new invention changes military tactics entirely, for in the battles of the future troops will never display themselves en masse to the enemy. Open fighting, as has been customary through all the ages, is a thing of the past, for it would mean utter annihilation. If smokeless powder had been in use during the late civil strife, the war between the States wouldn't have lasted ninety days."

"A rapid firing gun doesn't begin to fire with the rapidity of a machine gun. The former is usually of one barrel, and is loaded with shells. It is a great gun for torpedo boats, but fifteen times to the minute is pretty good time for one of them. A machine gun of the Gatling type has from six to twelve barrels, and with three men to operate, practically never ceases firing, one volley succeeding another at a speed of 1,200 discharges per minute. These three men can do more killing than a whole brigade with old fashioned muskets. It is the machine gun, along with smokeless powder, that is going to make war an impossibility."

The Watch as a Compass.

Very few people are aware of the fact that in a watch they are always provided with a compass with which, when the sun is shining, the cardinal points can be determined. All one has to do is to point the hour hand to the sun, and south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure 12 on the watch. This may seem strange to the average reader, but

it is easily explained. While the sun is passing over 180 degrees (east to west) the hour hand of the watch passes over 360 degrees (from 6 o'clock to 6 o'clock). Therefore the angular movement of the sun in one hour corresponds to the angular movement of the hour hand in half an hour; hence, if we point the hour hand towards the sun the line from the point midway between the hour hand and 12 o'clock to the pivot of the hands will point to the south.

A Modern Hero.

Among the many queer stories told in regard to Emperor William of Germany is the following, which Christian men and women may study with profit. It demonstrates the nobility there is in being true to conviction of duty, even amid tremendously embarrassing circumstances.

The story is that, in a fit of impatience, because the speed of his yacht was slowed in entering a certain harbor, he came in conflict with the pilot, an old Norwegian named Norduus, who knew the dangerous character of the channel, and that faster speed would mean wreck. The Emperor tried to take charge, and rang the bell for full speed.

Norduus placed himself in the way, and, leaning over the wheel called down the tube to the engine room: "Half speed. Never mind the bell!"

"You countermand my orders!" cried the Emperor, giving the bell another jerk.

"Disregard that bell!" called Norduus through the tube, unmoved.

The Emperor glared at the pilot a moment, and then, drawing himself up stiffly, said majestically: "Go below, and report yourself under arrest."

"Leave the bridge!" responded Norduus, grimly, grasping the wheel more firmly. "This ship is in my charge, and I'll have no interference with my orders from king or seaman!"

The officers on the deck hurried silently aft, wishing well to the pilot. Norduus had the law, and common sense, on his side, and stood at his post, unshaken by threats, unheeding commands, and carried the royal yacht safely into the harbor. The next day the Emperor came to his senses, and decorated the pilot with one grade of the Order of the Black Eagle, and made him his life pilot for Norwegian waters.

Transcontinental Walk.

Mrs. Annette L. Place of the Professional Woman's league will walk across the continent. In company with her close friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brannan, Mrs. Place will start from New York, March 28th, and expects to reach California within a year. They will take the journey by easy stages, tramping as much each day as strength and inclination will permit, and lodging where they may on the road.

New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Indian Territory, the northern part of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, is the itinerary thus far mapped out, though the pedestrians will feel at liberty to depart from it at any time.

"We are undertaking the trip for pleasure," said Mrs. Place, "and mean to pursue it with that end always in view. It has been my dream for years to walk to California, but I had difficulty in finding comrades brave enough to face the long journey on foot. Our purpose is to return in the same fashion, though we will come back across the northern States. The opening of spring should give us some excellent weather, and I am looking forward to the trip with enthusiasm."

Mrs. Place, though past the years when most women care for such activities, is the embodiment of nervous vigor. She has been a vegetarian for a number of years and attributes her unimpaired health to this fact. Her petite figure is as elastic as that of a girl. When walking is possible, she scorns a car, covering miles with apparently no fatigue.

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BOYS WARNED OF CITIES.

INDIANA SCHOOL OFFICIALS URGE THEM TO STAY ON FARMS.

"The farmer boy of northern Indiana should beware of Chicago."

This is one of the statements in an official bulletin which is being sent to teachers all over Indiana by the state board of public instruction in an attempt to stem the tide of emigration of farmer boys to the great cities of the country, says an Indianapolis dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.

The state board determined on its action after receiving statistics showing estimates of the number of boys who have deserted the farm for the city during the last few years. It believes the vitality of the State is sapped and will at once begin a crusade to stop the movement.

"Too many boys from the farms are seeking openings in Chicago, St. Louis and the other large cities of the west," the bulletin continues. "Personal investigations have brought to light the fact that three-fourths of the boys who have migrated to the cities in the last five years have been unsuccessful in their undertakings, many having been forced almost into the unemployed class."

The bulletin then specifies Chicago and deprecates the fact that that city is drawing all the boys from the farms in the northern part of the State, and continues:

"It will be a sad day for our national life when all our young men farmers come to town, when the small, well cultivated homesteads give way to big landed estates."

The teachers in all the public schools of the country are urged to use all the influence in their power to make their pupils familiar with the hardships of city life and the few chances for them to get started in business in the great centers of industry. They are also urged to make their schoolroom busy workshops, where the nobility of honest toil may be taught.

Obedient Instructions.

The city editor summoned the photographer of his staff. "Colonel Welligan's house is burning," he said, "and I want a picture of the fire. Get out there as quick as you can with your camera and take a view of what's left of the building from the inside of the fence corner."

"But," said the photographer, "it's—"

"That's the point I want it taken from—right in the corner."

"But I think there's—"

"I don't care whether there's a better point or not. You know what I want. Hurry up. You are losing time."

The photographer took his camera and departed. A few hours later he came in with the proof of a picture he had taken from the desired point of view.

"What is this?" said the city editor.

"That is a photograph of the ruins of Colonel Welligan's house from the inside corner of the fence near the house."

"I can't see anything of the house."

"I couldn't, either," responded the photographer. "I tried to tell you there was a big tree standing between that corner and the house, but you wouldn't let me."

Balzac's Impeccability.

Of Balzac it is stated that whenever he was hard at work he went to roost "like the fowls," as he himself put it, at 7 in the evening. He was called at 1 in the morning and wrote till 8; then took another hour and a half of sleep; then after a light meal went to work again until 4 in the afternoon; then he took a bath, saw a few friends, took perhaps a short walk and immediately after dinner went off to bed.

"I shall be compelled," he wrote, "to lead this nigger's life for a few months without stopping in order not to be swamped by those terrible bills that are due." And yet he was always hard up for money.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1904.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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"Be's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weak
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose
in Thine;
Father forgive my trespasses, and
keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou
my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pil-
grim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, Dear
Lord, and Thee,
No tears my soul's unwavering
faith can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave
for me
The morning light may break!

The subjoined is ample proof that inventive genius is still tackling the problem of alleviating deafness; and not only that, but also catering to the vanity—or supersensitiveness—of the hard of hearing, many of whom would prefer to be oblivious to the sound of human speech rather than carry an apparatus that would make them conspicuous objects of curiosity.

In many cases of deafness which only a short time ago would have been considered incurable the physician has been enabled to at least find some mechanical appliance which would make it possible for the man or woman to catch many sounds which were entirely inaudible before. Of course, these aids to the hearing have been carried about in the hand, as a rule, but the trouble is generally slight in comparison with the advantages gained. Now, however, even this is unnecessary, as the latest appliance of this class is designed to be carried in the hat, without assistance from either hand. The sound-receiving bells are located in the crown on either side of the head, and the tubes which convey these sounds to the ears project downward through the rim of the hat.

The connecting tubes are capable of adjustment as to length, and the whole arrangement is scarcely noticeable, at least in comparison to the old style ear trumpet or metallic fan formerly used.—*Ex.*

Measure of Success.

It is the superior man to whom the world makes obeisance. Emerson said, "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

In laying plans for future work strive not to equal the accomplishment of others but to excel them. Fix your ideal not at what they have achieved but beyond it. Therein lies the greatest measure of success. If the work of your hands only equals that of some one else, no one will prefer it to that of the other. But if it surpasses all else in its line, the others will be laid aside and your work given the preference. Inventors amass immense fortunes by simply making something a little better than any one else. They look ahead, see the demand and seek to meet it. Every improved article in use today owes its exist-

ence to some thinker who strove to make something a little better than had been made. Improvements so simple, that when they come into use we wonder why we had not thought of them ourselves, have made men independently rich. To excel was the aim in the lives of these men. Never be satisfied with mere equality; it will place you with the mediocre. Seek superiority; with it you can rise to boundless heights.—*The Courier.*

QUAKERISMS.

A good deal of what some one calls religion is not religion, and a good deal of things that are said in the name of religion are pure rot. The following is a sample; it appeared in the *Sunday School Lesson Illustrator* for September, 1903, published by Fleming H. Revell & Co., Chicago and New York.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

One of the orphan boys of our Elkanah Home said one day:

"I asked the Lord if I was to be a missionary to let me catch a fly and I caught one that quick. I asked Him if I was going to Jerusalem to let me catch another, and I did not catch one. I asked Him if I was to go to China to let me catch one, and I caught one quick, too. I know I am to be a missionary to China."

We had not instructed him by precept, or example in this method of guidance, but we were delighted that he had a desire to be a missionary, and that having asked the Lord about it, he believed that He had met him in his inquiry.

We all admire the faith of childhood, and should hold the Christian religion above anything else; we should defend it against those who harm it, as in the above instance. Many absurdities have been preached in the name of religion, and many absurd stories have been told which, while intended to help and strengthen it, have had the contrary effect. This is no age for foolish things, foolish ideas, or for foolish beliefs, and it will be well for us to remember it.

I am personally acquainted with the following deaf missionaries: Reverends Mann, Koehler, Cloud, Hasenstab and Moylan. I also knew the late Rev. H. W. Syle and Job Turner. I do not for a moment suppose any of these men went fly-catching in their boyhood days to find out if they were destined to become missionaries to the deaf. The absurdity of the idea is apparent, nevertheless the magazine mentioned printed such stuff as a worthy and sensible piece of information.

How did our deaf ministers happen to take up their work? Beginning with Rev. Mr. Mann, he was for a number of years a teacher in the Michigan School, and probably found the work too monotonous, so he became a missionary. My friend, Rev. Mr. Koehler, was in charge of the Seranton (Pa.) Day School, and probably would be there yet had not Miss Garrett come along and gobbled it up. Othello-like, Mr. Koehler found his occupation gone, and after looking about a little decided that preaching would be just the thing for him, so he took up the work. This makes two former teachers now engaged in the work of ministering to the deaf—but bless me, I shall be fortunate if I do not find all of them ex-teachers! Rev. Mr. Cloud—yes, he too is a teacher! While instructor of physical culture in the Illinois School, the idea entered his head that it would be a good thing to have "Rev." tacked before his name; he therefore prepared himself for the work, and I am informed it is one of those who deliver real up-to-date sermons. Rev. Mr. Hasenstab—there again, he is an ex-teacher too! Really, it is becoming too common. Are there not a few deaf farmers or blacksmiths or printers or baseballists to put an end to his long string of teachers, teachers, teachers? Mr. Hasenstab was persuaded by the late Dr. P. G. Gillett to forsake the religion of his parents and embrace Methodism. Then the doctor interested himself actively in Mr. Hasenstab's behalf among leading Chicago Methodists, with the result that the Methodist Mission for the deaf was formed.

The late Job Turner was a teacher for many years. Rev. Mr. Moylan was formerly a teacher in the colored department of the Maryland School. Rev. Mr. Danziger taught first in the Indiana Institution and later at the Washington School; he subsequently took up painting as an occupation but looked with longing eyes on the missionary field, with the result that he is to-day a Missionary in Western New York. Then there is the Rev. H. Van Allen—and just think of it, he too is an ex-teacher! Honestly, if oralism should one day crowd out all our deaf teachers, would they all become missionaries? Rev. Mr. Allen was editor of the paper published at the Pennsylvania Institution; he resigned and went to the State of New York, where he followed the occupation of a compositor for a number of years. He probably did not find sticking type just to his taste, so he prepared himself for the ministry. There are two other deaf missionaries, both young, and they are Revs. Whildin and Snelman. I am greatly rejoiced to know neither of them is an ex-teacher.

QUAKER BROWN.

PLAY

SPOTLESS TOWN
AT
ST. ANN'S CHURCH
148th Street, west of Amsterdam Ave.
Saturday, February 6th, 1904.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Dance in Honor of the Foot Ball Heroes.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET RETURNS.

A Few News Notes.

Quite the most enjoyable event of the season was the dance given Saturday evening, in honor of the football team. It was a success from start to finish, and the committee, composed of Messrs. Cameron, '04, Cooley, '05, Fugate, '06, Horton, '07 and Seeley, I. C., deserve praise for the way things were managed.

The student's dining-room was tastefully decorated with bunting and here and there with the various class flags. The piano occupied the center of the room and was surrounded by potted palms.

The program was printed in blue ink on buff paper and was a neat little make up. There were fourteen dances in all, waltz and two-step alternately. On the back of the program was printed the names of those who made up the first eleven with the manager and coach, viz: W. H. Phelps, Capt. q. b.; O. C. Menuier, r. h. b.; J. C. Winemiller, l. h. b.; W. O. Messner, f. b.; C. O. Stevens, r. e.; P. Erd, l. e.; F. J. Nessam, r. t.; E. S. Mather, l. t.; E. W. Garrett, r. g.; H. Bruns, l. g.; B. L. Winston, c.; L. Rosson, coach and H. D. Drake, manager.

The committee is greatly indebted to Mrs. Hotchkiss, Miss Peet, Miss Fay, Miss Bowden, Miss Cooke, Miss Day and Prof. Day for taking turns at the piano. It is almost safe to say that there are less than a dozen students now in College, who cannot trip the light fantastic too. Consequently the floor was a little crowded at first, but the piano in the center of the room, kept them going around in a circle. There was only time enough left for one extra, but all went away feeling much the better from the evening's enjoyment.

Leap year comes only once in four years, so the Faculty have given the Jollity Club permission to give a Leap Year dance on February 27th. This will be an entirely new feature and all are looking towards the event with much anticipation. The Jollity Club will also give an entertainment on the evening of February 20th.

Dr. Gallaudet returned Saturday morning from his trip to southern points. He spent a large part of his time in Florida and while there visited the School for the Deaf at St. Augustine. Sunday morning in chapel he said he indeed was sorry to leave the oranges groves and blooming roses, but that he was far gladder to see again our faces which were prettier than roses! He was much refreshed by the trip and was feeling in the best of spirits.

About the deepest snow for the past five years fell Thursday and Friday. It measured over eight inches, and a track down Patterson Hill was made hard and compact so that it will last longer than in surrounding places. Thursday afternoon quite a number of students and ex-students went out to Zoo Park to enjoy skating. They were almost snowed under before they got back.

Miss Bowden's classmate, Miss Day, has been visiting in the city the past several weeks. She attended the dance Saturday evening and kindly offered her services at the piano. A Miss Cooke, of New York City, was also the guest of Miss Peet, on Saturday, and she likewise helped at the piano. Both of these young ladies had had meagre ideas of the deaf before coming here, and we are glad to say that they were favorably impressed.

Prof. A. B. Fay lectured to the students Friday evening on "The Origin of the Drama."

The sudden change of weather has caught quite a number unaware. Among them are Miss Constance Draper and Miss Ren, I. C.

About one of the funniest stories going the rounds at present is told by little "Bobs" Roberts, '04. It happened last Friday afternoon. As it is "Bobs" rooms up on the third floor, and feeling in need of a little fresh air, he raised the window and peered out. Coming down the drive but a few paces away was the farm dorkie driving the old farm horse. Having a natural prejudice against his dusky brethren, "Bobs" quickly made a hard snow ball and aimed it at the driver. But to his chagrin it hit the poor old horse square in the side. Instead of giving a sudden kick or starting to run, the poor thing stopped short in its steps, and twisting its head to one side, took a sad and dismal look up at the culprit! We are disinclined to credit the tale, but "Bobs" insists that it is so. He has now become an ardent member of the Humane Society.

H. D. DRAKE, '04.

Feb. 1, 1904.

MANUAL TRADE VS. MACHINE OPERATION.

Shoe-making by hand, and shoe-making by machinery are two entirely different and distinct ways of making shoes, boots and slippers. One who has graduated from the shoe-bench knows little or nothing about making shoes by machinery, but can easily learn to operate a machine. Nor can a shoe machine operator who never served time on a shoe-bench, sit down and make "a fine shoe" by hand, until he has served a term of years at it. So of most other manual trades and their machine rivals.

"A large city is a poor place to raise children." Nor is it the best place, in every respect, for the deaf from small towns and the country to flock to. As "danger to life and limb is fourfold greater in a large city than small towns, therefore, they should be warned to 'keep away,' and the TRADE they learn should be a manual hand trade thoroughly learned, because machinery business, in the shoe line and other lines, is not often found in small towns.

As people generally do not like to employ a deaf person, the deaf should be well trained in manual affairs, especially in a good trade, so as to set up a shop and go to "work on his own hook," which he can easily do in small towns, but not so well in large cities.

Those deaf who have learned the wrong trade or are poorly trained in day work, and to be industrious, too, often are forced to peddle or beg for a living. Hence, the State Institutions should not adopt machinery in their trade departments, but stick to the manual trade ways. It is easy to go from the bench to a machine, but no going from a machine to the bench and be successful. Even those deaf living in a city are all the better workmen and more intelligent for having learned the manual trade thoroughly, and are able to set up work on their own hook, if they are forced to, or find it best, or because of no demand for them as machine operators.

As type-setting by machinery is crowding out "hand-setting" in large cities, the deaf from these places should not, as a general thing, learn printing. Those from small towns run less risk of "no work," especially if they are good ones. Poor workmen need not be wanted. First class mechanics and intelligent and industrious workmen are needed everywhere.

Fine artistic-job printing, especially press work, should be taught, to a larger per cent of boys, born in in that direction. It is a good trade for deaf, as they can at small cost set up on their own hook, where there is a chance.

If stone-cutting, brick-masonry and plastering and "forge help," could be taught to the robust deaf from cities and large towns, it would be a good thing for some of them. In such work it doesn't matter so much if the workman is deaf. Help is often so urgent that a deaf man is welcome; and if a good and quiet workman the loss will help him. Talkative workmen not liked.

If the Institution could train better the girls, especially those from cities and large towns, to be first class needle-women and careful sewing-machine operators; and those who cannot well become such, to be good bakers and wash-women and ironers, its blessing would be further enhanced. Too many poor ones are turned out for their own, and the good of others.

Deaf cooks are not called for by the hearing housewives. But good deaf needlewomen can more easily find work in their line than those who have no trade. If they chance to get married they have a trade that comes handy to a wife, and often helps along now and then in the penny line.

I was born in the mechanical line, but rather too old to learn a trade, or rather no chance to learn my natural choice, carpentry, at the Institution, which I entered as a pupil after I was twenty-one years old. Have always regretted that I did not thoroughly learn the trade. I am very handy, nevertheless, with tools, an "excellent Jack-of-all-trades," as they tell me. An inventor. My first invention was a correct sun-dial when ten years old, unaware then that there was such a thing. Have invented many things, some of them patented by myself and others. One under contract now (a machine).

PHILIP A. EMERY.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

CHURCH NOTICES.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1904.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3 P. M., Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P. M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P. M.

Parish meeting in St. Ann's Guild Room Tuesday evening, February 9th. Open to all.

NEW YORK.

About 600 at the Brooklyn Ball.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS.

The Silent Five in Great Form.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

No one who attended the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club ball, on Saturday night, unless he be a chronic despic, can blame the Brooklyn Club for patting itself on the back, and saying "bully-boy."

The committee naturally expected a success, but they never, not even in their wildest dreams, expected to draw such an immense crowd as they did. For a deaf-mute ball the attendance was phenomenal and more unusual still, the maskers almost equaled in numbers those who attended in conventional garb.

The crowd commenced to arrive as early as 7:30, and from 8 P. M. until 12, when no more were permitted to enter, a steady stream of people were climbing the stairs to the hall, almost giving the man in the box office heart-disease attending to their wants. A conservative estimate of the attendance places it at about 600, but there were probably many more in attendance than that.

The ball was opened by the starting of the grand march at 10:30 under the direction of Geo. V. Warren, assisted by J. E. Taplin and V. D. Keely. While the march was in progress the judges selected the prize-winners. The judges were Mr. Russell, of New York, an honorary member of the Brooklyn Club, Mr. Lawrence, of Newark, Mr. H. P. Kane, of New Jersey, Mr. J. D. Shea, of New York, and Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Turner and Miss Mason.

That the judges used common sense and intelligence, and were perfectly fair and impartial, is proven by the fact that there were no protests against their decisions. Following the march, dancing was indulged in until 12:30, when supper was served. After supper the committee distributed the prizes. The winners and prizes they received are as follows:

LADIES.

1. Miss Pohlinsky, Fairy, silver and cut-glass pitcher.
2. Miss L. Taplin, Advertisement Girl, silver-handled silk umbrella.
3. Mrs. Stevenson, Wall paper costume, silver and cut-glass centre bowl.
4. Mrs. McKeranhan, Cleopatra, pair vases.
5. Miss Thadwald, Jockey, silver jewel case, very pretty.
6. Miss Settle, Queen of Hearts, statuette.
7. Miss Riley, Mother Goose, automobile-bag, purse and mirror.
8. Miss Hanneman, Princess, glass vase.
9. Miss Sullivan, Lord Fauntleroy, pearl handled gold pen.
10. Mrs. Taplin, "Grandma," "Gift from the gods."
11. Mrs. Ehrlich, Portia, imported vase.
12. Miss Taplin, Dolly Varden, lace collar.
13. Miss Sturmwald, School Girl, burnt-wood hanging match receiver.
14. Miss Trunwald, Indian Maiden, dresser case.
15. Miss Henry, Log-Cabin Maiden, box of soap.
16. Mrs. Finklestein, The Miller's Daughter, purse.
17. Miss Swenson, Hiawatha, automobile ash receiver.
18. Mrs. George Donovan, Hiawatha, china jar.
19. Miss Hetwisch Hutschreuter, "Miss Patch," automizer.
20. Miss Jackson, Milk Maid, gold watch and chain, special gift from personal friend.
21. Miss Krause, Ping-Pong Girl, gold locket.
22. Miss Mulvey, Ping-Pong Girl, gold locket.
23. Miss Taylor, Lady Tramp, framed picture.

GENTLEMEN.

1. H. Zerwich, Pee-Wee, bronze framed mirror.
2. F. O'Grady, Poker Deck, silk suspenders.
3. C. Scott, (supposed to be a lady), bronze double ink-well.
4. A. Wankal, Magiclan, shaving set.
5. Edward McKeranhan, Armenian, Vase.
6. J. Black, Uncle Tom, framed picture.
7. J. Jackson, Sunny Jim, Quart of Champagne.
8. H. Taylor, Tramp, ash receiver.
9. Master Stevenson, Indian, pipe.
10. Geo. Donovan, Indian, Congress playing cards.
11. G. Kappenhoef, Dutchman, match safe receiver.

12. A. Whitthe, Indian, gold pearl scarf pin.

13. J. Dennison, Devil, silver match safe.

14. J. H. Toohy, Slave, tobacco jar.

15. T. Melledy, Clown, pair woolen gloves.

16. J. Taylor, Topsey, ash-tray.

17. Wm. Fricken, Irishman, burnt-wood photo frame.

18. Mr. Stevenson, Indian, tobacco jar.

19. Mr. James, Tramp, Barrios Diamond stud.

20. J. Killardy, Weary Walker, Barrios Diamond stud.

After the prizes were given, the band started up again and were kept busy, almost to the verge of apoplexy until daylight began to creep in the windows, warning the merry-makers that it was time to start for home and prepare for their Sunday devotions.

Too much praise cannot be given to the Committee of Arrangement, who, by their hard work and enthusiasm, made a night long to be remembered in deaf-muteism.

All of the Deaf-Mute clubs were largely represented, particularly the N. J. D. M. S., for which the Brooklyn Deaf-Mute Club extends its thanks. The club also thanks all the gentlemen who attended for the orderly manner in which they conducted themselves. It is always to be expected that, at affairs of this kind, disorder will occur, and the committee were prepared to deal with it, but were pleasantly disappointed.

It is too bad that there were not more prizes. Undoubtedly there were many who, by their originality, beauty and uniqueness of costume, desired to win something, but the club will remember to provide for all next year.

Space forbids mentioning all the maskers and to attempt to print the names of all who attended would be practically an attempt to publish a directory of almost all of the Deaf-Mute residents of Brooklyn, New York and adjoining towns.

Members who did not attend in costume, wore fools-caps of different colors and they added considerably to the color effect.

The hearing element were largely represented, and one surprising feature about them was that they could, almost to a unit, use the deaf-mute alphabet.

The officers of the club are—W. L. Bowers, President; H. F. Beck, Vice-President; J. Taplin, Recording Secretary; A. M. McIlwraith, Financial Secretary; P. F. Redington, Treasurer; John D. Buckley, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Arrangement Committee were John D. Buckley, (chairman), G. V. Warren, J. Taplin, P. F. Redington and T. O'Grady.

The Order of Dance consisted of two parts, twelve in each part, and each dance was dedicated to members.

Mr. Vincent Warren was Floor Manager, and he was assisted in his duties by Mr. Vincent De P. Keely.

The Floor Committee were: Frank J. Hayden, (chairman), Frank Eeka, John M. Black, Frank Brown, John D. Shea, Fred G. Backhus, Charles Sanford, Geo. W. Wigley, E. M. Halton, H. L. Jahring, Archibald McLaren, Wm. Moore, James Malloy, W. B. Taylor and George Yoerger.

The Reception Committee were—John M. Jackson, (Chairman), W. G. Gilbert, Harry Pierce Kane, Adolph Duerr, Alex. J. Lang, Geo. Lindemann, Wm. Nachumson, Andrew Ryan, J. H. Van Seggar, Luke Broderick, William Brown, William Fricken, Aug. F. Larek, William Morris, Sol. E. Pachter, Joseph Schloss, James Moriarty and H. J. Halterman.

At the Polo A. A. hall last Saturday evening, the Silent Five team of basket ball players covered themselves with glory in the fastest game they have played thus far this season, and seemed to be in superb condition, and the strong team, the Rosedale B. B. Club, of Hoboken, N. J., seemed unable, strive as they could with might and main, to cope with the deaf-mutes. The first half was devoid of any sensational playing on both sides, but the Silent Five playing in fine form and with ease rolled up 10 points on four baskets from the field and two points on fouls. The Hobokens scored two baskets from the field and three points from fouls, netting a total of seven points in all. In the second half, which was replete with fast work and playing of a sensational order, Fetscher began the scoring for the Silent Five, and soon after Fluhr startled the fans by dropping two more baskets in quick succession. Not to be outdone by Fluhr's splendid spurt, Dyer's star was soon in the ascendant, and he cut the atmosphere into whirlwinds by throwing two sensational baskets in quick order, which took all the wind out of the Hobokens' sails. Soon after Fetscher started the applause going, and before its echoes had died away, Dyer again put the ball in the basket, and then the Hobokens' agony soon ended by the call of time. During this period of play the Hobokens scored two baskets and four points on fouls on the Silent Fives. The final score was: Silent Fives, 24; Rosedale B. B. Club, 15. Next Saturday evening

will be played two big games for one admission, at 8:30. The well known Tremont Deaf-Mutes will meet the Polo A. A., and following this the Silent Five will play the Castleton B. B. Team, champions of Staten Island.

The preliminary game was between the Oxfords and a team from the Knickerbocker A. C. The Knickerbockers smothered the Oxfords to the tune of 21 to 4, without much apparent effort, and their frequent scoring was due to excellent team work.

The deaf of New York are asked to patronage the Fair which is to be held in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, 148th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue, on the evenings of February 11th, 12th and 13th. A competent committee will be in charge, and everything will be done to make the three evenings as enjoyable as possible. As the Fair is for the benefit of the church, it is hoped that all the deaf who have the interest of St. Ann's at heart will attend and help the good cause. The many unfortunate families who have received succor from the church funds during this extra severe winter attest the value thereof. Tickets, admitting on the three evenings, cost but ten cents.

A very pleasant surprise birthday party was tendered Miss Gertrude Turner at her home in Flatbush, L. I., on Monday evening last, by a few of her friends. The evening was passed pleasantly in playing games and merry conversation, and Miss Katie Turner proved the winner in an exciting game of "The Pit." Those present besides others of the family, were Messrs. Murray Campbell, William Thomas, William Renner, Alfred Stern and John H. Keiser.

The Social at St. Ann's Guild Room on Tuesday evening, was very well attended and an enjoyable time was had by all who were there. Various games were played, led by the committee in charge, and at ten o'clock coffee and cake were passed around. The committee who managed the affair were Mrs. Meinken, the Misses Fenali, Thadwald, Kummer and Ehrlich, assisted by Mrs. Neiser and Mrs. Simons in preparing the refreshments.

Concerning Proctor's

WEEK OF FEB. 8TH.

"Ooids," a dramatization of one of Ouida's most popular novels, forms the dramatic feature at the Fifth Avenue Theatre next week. The piece will be presented with elaborate scenic setting. In the vaudeville section Fisher and Carroll will head the list with an Irish comedy specialty, in which they have gained great renown. The Avers will offer a novel sketch, in which several pictures are revolved from the clever manipulation of seemingly valueless rags. Rieton, the juggler, whose specialty consists in the manipulation of tennis balls, will contribute materially to the interest of the programme, and Ruth Nello, a coon shouter, will post the audience on the latest success in Ethiopian lyrics.

Arthur Wing Pinero's clever comedy, "The Magistrate," has been selected for presentation at Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre next week. This snappy English farce will be given careful treatment in the matter of scenic setting and costumes, and will be performed by the full strength of the resident stock company. Mr. Proctor's popular plan of providing clever vaudeville specialists, to avoid the monotony of waits between the acts, has been received with decided favor, and this week's list of attractions offers a number of the leading vaudeville specialists.

Varied and attractive is the offering at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre next week, representatives of almost every branch of entertainment are employed in a programme combining length and merit. The chief attraction is found in O'Brien and Havel's latest sketch, by Will M. Cressy, "Ticks and Cleks." Mr. O'Brien is the inventor of the famous somersault, in which a silk hat is not crushed during the revolution, and is also the inventor of all the acrobatic work he performs.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Classes meet at four o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P. M.

Leap Year Party, Friday evening, February 12th. Every one is cordially invited to the sociable.

PHILADELPHIA.

"The Last Smile of the Breen Regime."

HOME INMATE INJURED.

A Street Car Comedy.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1535 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Philadelphia Local Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf held a meeting in the Harrison Building, Northeast corner of 8th and Spring Garden Streets, last Saturday evening, 30th of January. Thomas Breen presided and Mrs. G. T. Sanders occupied her place as Secretary. A fairly good attendance was present. Nearly the whole evening was occupied with routine business. E. A. Hodgson, Esq., of New York, has been engaged to deliver his eulogy on the late Rev. Dr. Gallaudet which he has delivered before other bodies of deaf. The place of delivery will be in the Harrison building, and the date, Saturday evening, March 5th. An admission price of fifteen cents will be charged for the benefit of the Home.

Quite an enjoyable social was held by the Clerc Literary Association on Thursday evening last. The attendance, however, was not large, something like forty. One of the amusements indulged in was solving different puzzles, for which prizes were given. The winners were Mrs. Sanders, Mr. Kaufman, Mr. Sanders, Mr. Miller, and Mrs. Wuehler. Cocoa and refreshments were served. This social is considered here as the "last smile" of the Breen regime. Although the end of the regime is more than a month off yet, the approach of the Lenten season suggested the early date of the affair.

Mrs. Sarah Woodside, an inmate of the Doylestown Home, met with a serious accident by falling down stairs last October. On account of her advanced age, which is eighty-one, she never recovered from her injuries, and her condition at the present time is said to be critical. Her husband, Robert, is also an inmate of the Home, and her sister, Mrs. Margaret Woodside, of Pittsburgh, is watching at her bedside.

The subject of Prof. Fox's lecture before the Clerc Literary Association, on February 18th, will be "Some Natural Mysteries."

Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders is announced to give a reading of "Idylls of the King," before the Clerc Literary Association, on February 11th.

The first annual report of the Board of Trustees of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf (for the year 1902-03) has been printed in pamphlet form.

Messrs. Frank L. Feighan and Thomas Breen spent Sunday last in Pottsville, Pa., as guests of Mr. Albert Dunbar.

James L. Robb, of this city, has been an employe of the First District of the Water Department for the past thirteen years.

A number of deaf attended the funeral of Miss Hamilton's father, on Wednesday afternoon of last week.

COMEDY NO. 1.

This little comedy scene happened on a Ridge avenue car, the principal actors being a conductor, with a piece of red flannel tied around his throat, and a complacent elderly woman, who was quite deaf. The conductor, in spite of the fact that he could scarcely speak above a whisper, called out the streets for a while, but after his vocal chords grew weaker and weaker he finally gave up in disgust. The deaf woman wanted to get off at Columbia avenue, and it was not until the car had reached Cumberland street that she realized how far she had gone beyond her destination. Then there was trouble. "Why didn't you call out the Streets so the passengers can tell where they are?" demanded the deaf woman. The conductor wheezed something in his throat. "Don't make faces at me!" exclaimed the irate passenger. This remark wrought a miracle on the sick conductor. Just for a moment, in his indignation, his voice came back to him. "Madam," he remarked, pointing to his bandaged throat, "how can you expect me to call out the streets? I ought to be in a hospital." "I guess you ought to be in jail," snapped out the deaf woman as she made her exit. And the car moved on.—Philadelphia Record.

COMEDY, NO. 2.

"Three well-dressed men walked into the bar of a Tenth Street hotel and lined up side by side. "What will it be, gentlemen?" asked "Joe," the suave bartender. Instead of replying they seemed to be making queer motions with their hands, and the query was repeated. Then in pantomime, one signified that he wanted a drink of whisky, and the other two in the same manner, indicated a desire to quench their

WEST VIRGINIA.

[Send news for this department to John C. Bremer, 3523 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.]

Wheeling will remain in the Central Baseball League for the coming season. It now has no fewer than eleven twirlers signed and it will be a difficult thing to weed out the pitching staff to the four, which will be carried through the season. The pitching staff under two years' contract, which ends this year, are four—one of whom is Mr. Lester G. Rosson. It will require phenomenal work on the part of the new twirlers to induce the Wheeling management to think of discarding any of the four who finished the season with the team last fall, but all the deaf fans express strong hopes of Mr. Rosson's stay with us all through the season. All the players will report here between April 15th and 18th, for practice and trials. The season opens April 28th.

The flood here reached forty-four feet last Sunday, submerging the cellars, and first floors of the residences of the deaf on the both sides of the river, but little damage was incurred. Mr. and Mrs. Chapline Watson and family quickly took leave before the water rose to Park View, a suburb about six miles from this city, to live with Mr. Watson's married brother for an indefinite time, but Chapline reported several days ago, that he liked the suburb so very much that he would probably locate there permanently.

Mrs. Elizabeth Steenrod, of "Steenrod's Place," near Mt. de Chantal, expects to accompany her daughter, Mrs. Plattoff Zane, to Cincinnati, O., next May, where the former's grandson, Dr. Lewis Steenrod, will take part in the graduating exercises.

With the Chicago theatre-disaster in mind, the deaf theatre-goers here are highly convinced that the Court Theatre is very fire-proof and safe, as its manager explained so recently. The safeguards are thrown around the theatre. He showed how all the scenery was kept in a dock, and went into detail to mention the exits, and other precautions to ensure safe egress in case of fire. Also he made the sensible suggestion, that if people would keep their heads often, there would be no immediate danger.

A recent letter from West Union, stated that Mr. Thomas Gain, who left the Romney school last Christmas, has gone to Clarksburg, where a good job was secured.

Mr. Jay B. Artrip is now in West Union, but has been out of work since the glass-workers' strike at New Martinsville.

A sister of Mr. Daniel Rollins, of Central Station, has been in Meadbrook, visiting another sister. Daniel says that although he has a clerk in his grocery store, he has been very busy since two weeks ago.

Mr. Jeremiah Knight, of Reedy, Calhoun Co., was in West Union the other day.

The father of Miss Bessie Bartlett, a deaf lady, of Grafton, asked for a private teacher for her some time ago. The name of Miss Marietta Rusk, a semi-mute, who left the school last year, was highly recommended.

The deaf of this State, especially in Wheeling, are greatly surprised about Mr. Ernest W. Craig's removal to Chicago, Ill., but wish him great success in such a far away place.

Miss Martha Gandee, an ex-West Virginian, is at the Ohio School, learning to become a fine dress-maker, and her host of schoolmates in this State congratulate her heartily.

Mr. Alexander McMullen, of Pennsboro expects to go to the St. Louis World's Fair any time.

Master Ruric N. Marshall received an injury on his forehead at Romney a short time ago, while coasting.

"The Iowa School has a new teacher, this session in the person of Miss Fannie E. Ferguson of Romney, West Virginia. She is a daughter of the late R. G. Ferguson, who was superintendent of this school for a time. She is well remembered by several here who are glad to know of her success. Her mother continues to teach the deaf at the West Virginia School.—The Pelican.

Miss Ferguson also taught one of the Day Schools of Wisconsin at Stevens Point. She is doing good work here and has made a host of friends since she came among us.—The Deaf Hawkeye."

Mr. John E. Applegate, of Welch, sent here last week, a postal-card-picture of himself, which was taken at Atlantic City, N. J.

Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., was entertained in Romney for several days by Mr. John A. Boland, his old collegemate and delivered a lecture to the deaf pupils some Sundays ago.

"The Tablet mentions the following:—Mr. S. C. Austin, formerly teacher here but now connected with the Western Pennsylvania School, spent Christmas with us. He intended coming on the ill-fated Duquesne limited, but changed his mind, and now lives to do good in the school-room and on the diamond. He will steer clear of very fast trains in the future."

Mrs. Arnold Kiene and child, of Charleston, are in Romney on a visit. Her husband was there also, but staid there only a short time. Mrs. Kiene was in bed some time

ago, sick with pneumonia, but is very well now.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kopsky moved from Martin's Ferry, O., to Benwood some time ago, but, at present, are thinking of going to Cameron, a booming town, where he expects to get a job in a new pottery.

Mr. William F. Robb, formerly of Bellaire, O., who holds a good job in a Steubenville, O., pottery, was in Wellsburg on a recent brief call to Mr. Jas. H. V. Fowler. Jan. 30, '04. J. C. B.

Sign Language.

A young girl who keeps a small pocket diary has invented a clever device for saving space. She uses a set of simple symbols for entries that would be likely to occur over and over. Thus for the entry, "I took my music lesson," she puts in simply a drawing of a little harp, and for the words, "I wrote a letter to—" she draws a tiny envelope in outline, and so on. Then on the inside cover of the diary she writes a list of these symbols, with their explanations. This is an adapting of a scheme used by a German scholar to save space in a little encyclopedia. For the word "born" he used a star; for "died" a dagger; for "astronomy" he printed a little comet; for "law" a pair of scales; for "writer" a pen. You can readily see that by these little devices a great many lines of print were saved; but without a suggestion you may not notice that this "improvement" is really going back to the days when the alphabet was not yet invented! Yet hieroglyphics, or ideographs, as these pictures are called, have some very valuable qualities. They are brief, simple, plain, and never need translation—being equally understood by all nations, just as the Arabic figures are the same in English, French, German, Italian and other languages. This consideration led an author recently to suggest that Chinese (which is written in these ideographs) should be adopted as a universal language.

You will find some very interesting things—even some amusing facts—about the Chinese language in the Encyclopedia Britannica.—From "Books and Reading," in St. Nicholas.

The City of Washington has the highest monument in the world.

Maryland School for Deaf and Dumb.

The Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb, at Frederick, has issued its thirteenth biennial report to the General Assembly. President Black states that several hundred young men and girls have completed their course of study and training in this school. Many of them have greatly exceeded expectations in securing employment. Some have become owners of farms which they are successfully cultivating, and a number of them have secured employment as teachers in schools for the education of deaf-mutes which they are creditably filling at good salaries.

The boys manufactured in one year 175 pairs of boots and 295 pairs of shoes, and repaired 355 pairs of shoes and made 49 halters for horses.

In 1902 the outlay in operating the shoe shop exceeded the income by \$336.08, and in 1903 the deficit was only \$273.19. Hence it will be observed that, at a trivial cost, the boys acquire knowledge of a valuable trade.

At the last regular session of the General Assembly, held in 1902, an appropriation of \$7,840 was made to defray the expense of repairs on the buildings and equipment of the school and grounds. The ravages of the weather and the wear and tear from use for a period of more than 30 years practically required a renovation of the establishment, and extensive repairs have been made at a cost of \$7,887.46. The unexpended sum of \$452.54 of the appropriation will not be sufficient to complete the necessary repairs.

The board of visitors state that it is compelled to ask for an annual appropriation of \$30,000 to maintain the school, economically administered, or the sum of \$60,000 for the two fiscal years beginning with October 1, 1904.

Principal Charles W. Ely reports the attendance during the two years was 130—72 boys and 58 girls. Thirty of these were new admissions. The number to date this session is 99—52 boys and 47 girls. The county distribution is as follows: Baltimore city, 59; Allegany county, 11; Anne Arundel, 5; Baltimore, 3; Calvert, 1; Caroline, 1; Carroll, 5; Charles, 2; Dorchester, 4; Frederick, 5; Garrett, 7; Harford, 5; Howard, 1; Kent, 1; Montgomery, 7; Queen Annes, 1; Somerset, 1; St. Marys, 2; Talbot, 1; Washington, 4; Wicomico, 1; Worcester, 3.

PLAY

SPOTLESS TOWN

AT

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

148th St., West of Amsterdam Ave. Saturday, February 6th, 1904.

OHIO.

Child of Deaf - Mutes Killed.

GOOD WORDS FOR HOY.

News Brevities.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 969 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Jones, of Toledo, mourn the death of their eldest son Walter, aged five years. He was killed by a street car Sunday afternoon about one o'clock, on the Cherry Street bridge, crossing the Maumee River. Mr. and Mrs. Jones with their two children had left home to go the river to view the flood. They had reached the Cherry Street bridge and the younger of the two boys started to cross the driveway on the bridge, Walter going after him, both crawling between the iron supports, and oblivious of an approaching car. Just as Walter reached the track, a Star Avenue car hardly 20 feet away was approaching. It was impossible for the motorman to stop the car, though the brake had been applied, and the fender dropped. The trucks passed over the boy's head and upper part of the body. The skull was fractured and the collar bone broken. His life had been crushed out and there was no need of a physician. The Coroner was notified and soon arrived and viewed the remains, which were then conveyed on an Auburndale Car to Boyer & Son's undertaking establishment by the father to be prepared for burial. The Coroner said it was one of those accidents which seem to be almost unavoidable. The motorman had no idea that anyone would cross the track at this place and right ahead of the car, and that he was so close upon the boy when he first saw him that it was impossible to stop the car before it was too late. The car was not going very fast, nor was there a crossing to be watched, and hence he was not really to blame for the awful catastrophe.

The funeral took place from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, 2266 Smead Avenue, Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Jones was educated in the Flint School and is employed in the Toledo Scale Company plant. Mrs. Jones, nee Vicca Larrow, received her education at the Ohio School.

The admirers of Mr. Wm. E. Hoy will be interested in the following from the Los Angeles Times, which a Santa Barbara friend has sent us.

"Dummy" Hoy is not saying much these days, but when the bell rings at Chutes Park late in March it is a safe bet to make that one William E. Hoy will be found sporting about in the territory adjacent to and back of second base, even unto the nethermost precincts of the grounds. Hoy proved a ball player of great merit last year. His batting was consistently good, and he usually came through with the little hit to right field when needed. His ability to lay down a bunt any time a man could be advanced by it, his fielding, and his successful work on the bases made him, while not a sensational player, an outfielder that could be relied upon to do the right thing at the proper time, and that is what counts."

From the same source, we learn that Mr. and Mrs. Hoy with baby Carson spent a most pleasant week with Mr. and Mrs. James M. Park at El Monteito. As Mr. Hoy was a schoolmate with them in the Ohio Institution and, as they had not met for about 20 years or more, it is easy to imagine that their talk drifted back to their more youthful days at school. "Carson," we are told was the delight of the company and was an exceptionally bright child, taking after and being the image of his father.

A letter from Mr. Hoy has also been received in which he speaks of his visit to Montecito to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Park and of the fine appearance of their ranch, of the generous hospitality extended to him and family.

As yet Mr. Hoy has not signed with any club for next season and will not do so for a while, though the owners of Los Angeles Club have asked him to stay for another year. His last season ended November 29th, and his club stood at the head of the list. He was the only one in the league who played in every game played, thus showing he took care of himself. What is more, he led the league in the number of runs scored.

Besides being a good ball player, Mr. Hoy has also branched out in another direction. On off days of the league during last Summer, the league plays no games on holidays, Mr. Hoy sought amusement on the bays and rivers with his rod and reel. Mr. Tilly, the mute railway clerk, was usually his companion in these outings, and he has conced-

CHICAGO.

Literary Exercises at the Pas-a-Pas Club.

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY PARTY.

The Debut of Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Frank in Oratory.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The members of the Pas-a-Pas Club and friends enjoyed a very interesting literary treat last night under the direction of President Dougherty. The subjects thus handled, so well, were: "The coming of Arthur," by Mrs. Ben. Frank; "Thibet and Thibetans," by Thomas Ritchie, and "Cairo and Saladin," by Ben. Frank.

As the participants made their maiden attempt, they seemed a little nervous at first, but soon mastered their subjects in a burst of oratory to the end. A vote of thanks was tendered by acclamation. After the lecture was over, Mr. Codman mounted the platform and announced that every thing would be in apple pie order for the Masquerade Party next Saturday night, and invited every one and all to come in and have a jolly time and also partake of appetizing refreshments nicely put up by Mrs. Sonneborn and Mrs. Lef.

Miss German, the deaf daughter of Dr. German, and a graduate of the Philadelphia oral school, was agreeably surprised by the presence of her friends who came to her home on Friday evening to celebrate the anniversary of her birth. Miss German's sister who, is a graduate of the University of Chicago welcomed the happy friends and took the lead in the merriment, and introduced several new games of amusement and gave a fine collation, after which they all dispersed for home on the late train.

We are having unusually cold weather. An old pioneer says that it has continued cold this winter longer than ever before within thirty years and it has snowed oftener than usual within twenty years. The Michigan Lake is frozen solid for ten miles away from the shore and may be frozen solid from shore to shore if it should continue to be cold for another week or so.

Mrs. E. N. Bowes was shopping in a Department store recently. She left a package on the counter for a moment or so, and when she returned, it was gone. She set a sharp watch on the lady shoppers and son caught the thief, and after a little struggle, snatched her own package, but allowed her to disappear instantly.

When the news of the accident spread among the deaf-mutes, they at first thought it was Mr. Spalding, according to the description given by the witnesses, as the newspapers did not mention the name of the injured mute; and hurried to his home, only to see him very much alive.

On Saturday night, January 23d, Daniel Cronin was knocked down by the Wentworth Ave. cars at the crossings of Clark and Polk Sts. and, taken to the County Hospital. He died the next day at 4 o'clock P. M. He left behind a wife and two children in want.

The old friends of Thomas Ritchie in Ireland will be pleased to know that he is developing into an orator, and when he visits his dear old country, he will be able to make speeches in favor of "Home Rule."

It is said that the cars that crushed Daniel, ran at the rate of twenty miles an hour, which is against the law, so, if true, the R. R. Company may be made to pay heavy damages.

John L. Gage speaks well of the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL and he says he has read it for about thirty three years, and will surely subscribe for it every year until he dies in peace.

At Bessmer, Michigan, the thermometer fell down to 48 degrees below zero the other day and several farmers found their cattle frozen solid in their barn.

Some deaf-mutes enjoy skating on the smooth ice almost every evening. They will try to hire a big sleigh for a ride some night this week.

Miss Ida Fraters, a graduate of the Illinois School, is employed in the Case Manufacturing Co., as a helper for Morton Sonneborn.

Mr. D. Tellier was summoned home a few days ago upon receipt of a telegram announcing the death of his father.

A number of skaters can be seen gliding along two miles away from the shore.

SIDNEY H. HOWARD.

Jan. 31, 1904.

FAN WOOD.

The Girls Make Miss
Craig Happy.

PLENTY OF SKATING.

Basket Ball—Sundry Items.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The many warm friends of Miss Agnes Craig, tutress of the girls, started a subscription, each girl contributing about a quarter. Her many acts of kindness could not be forgotten, and her friends wished to show their appreciation. She has a peculiar hobby of decorating her "den," and it seems like a Paradise to those who enter. The girls, knowing this, decided to lend a hand in helping her to make it better than ever. The money was turned over to Miss Alice Judge, who, being an expert shopper may often be seen at the bargain counters. She purchased a costly table cover, and presented it to the blushing Agnes, with a witty speech; and which was received by her with a show of many dainty dimples, while her many friends crowded round about her to witness the sight. When she turned she was met by kisses (for that is the feminine way of mutual greeting) of a long array of feminine beauty. Those of the masculine type were excluded, of course. Ye scribe dedicates the following lines to her to show his good will and friendship:

In both cheeks of hers is a delicate dimple,
By Cupid's own finger impressed,
Her beauty, bewitchingly simple,
Has chosen her innocent nest.

Sunshine o'er her head be flung,
For her heart,—her heart is young.

The heavy snow and rain of Tuesday last set the skating enthusiasts to sharpening their skates to be ready to glide over the smooth ice. The rain formed a small pond on the lawn near the Academic building and the cold air did the rest. The next morning the boys were seen skating to their hearts content, and enjoyed the sport immensely. Cadet Henry Droppe was the champion speed skater there, and will soon try to compete with the leading skaters of the city.

Cadet Osmond Loew was called home last Wednesday to help at a surprise party to his grandfather.

Mr. Andrews, of the Department of Public Instruction, made a visit of inspection here on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday last.

The second regular monthly reunion took place on Saturday evening, January 30th, at seven o'clock. The committee that helped the affair in the matter of entertainment were Vernon Birek and Miss W. L. Clark, assisted by Misses Forsythe, Townsend and Currier. Many games were played to the utmost enjoyment of all the pupils. The delights of Terpsichore were indulged in, especially the lancers and waltz, but the pipes of Pan could not be heard by them. The pupils retired at half past eight, having enjoyed themselves greatly.

A party of seven girls chaperoned by Misses Burchard and Buckingham, went to see "The Virginian," at the Manhattan Theatre, last Saturday afternoon. The interest in the play was aroused by the recitation of the story by Prof. W. G. Jones, before the Fawcett Literary Association, in the chapel, during Sunday evenings, last year.

Last Friday a burglar scare took place in the boys' upper dormitory. It was not a real burglar hunt, but a wild goose chase, in a humorous sense. While the pupils were about to retire, some happened to look through the windows at the Trades' School building. They saw two crouching figures on the roof of the building standing on the cupolas. It caused quite a panic. Upon investigation it was found there were no burglars, but that it was the two cupolas with half part dark and the other with snow on it, thus making it appear life-like.

On Saturday last an exciting game of basket ball was played in the gymnasium. Several substitutes were chosen to take the place of those who were absent. The game ended by a score of 27 to 15, in favor of Hudsons. The score:

Hudsons	Positions	Warrens
Tanzas	Left Forward	A. Koipe
Goldstein	Right Forward	C. Siegel
Birk	Center	Girsch
Tompeto	Left Guard	Agresto
McAllister	Right Guard	Lux

Goals—McAllister 7, Tanzas 4, A. Knipe 4, Birk 1, Tompeto 1, Girsch 1, C. Siegel 1, Lux 1. Free goals—Tompeto 1, Lux 1. Re-throw—Mr. Cooke. Final score 27 to 15, in favor of Hudsons. Two fifteen minute halves.

Mrs. William Atkinson, of Pater-son, N. J., and Mrs. Samuel W. McClellan, of Mountain Grove, N. J., were visitors here Thursday afternoon, January 28th, at four o'clock.

Last week the photographers took photos in and about the Institution.

A new boxing club has been formed at school here. It has purchased two pairs of boxing gloves, and each member is seeking glory in fistie honors.

S. C.

SOUTH HAVEN.

"Chicago" had the great delight of meeting Mr. A. W. Ervin, who was loaded with stories of his experiences at the camp meeting in Des Plaines, Illinois, with Rev. Mr. P. J. Hasenstab. Now, dear Philip Joseph Hasenstab, we caught you! Do not vanish yourself suddenly! ho! ho! ho! We can readily believe the part of the story. One evening at the camp meeting the air was clear, fresh and warm, and the moon and stars were shining brilliantly down on Philip Hasenstab as he laid down peacefully in the hammock and thought of "Who killed Cock Robin?" But nobody saw him, for every one in the tents was asleep, except that Hayseed Ervin, who was lying wide-awake in his little cot, as his tent was next to him.

Just as the clock was striking midnight, there came a crash. Hayseed Ervin saw it, but no one else did, and he jumped out of the cot, and ran to him and heard him cry "ouch!" Philip fell out of the hammock and injured his back badly. Hayseed Ervin helped him up and doctored him and then they were acquainted.

As soon as they were ready to go, Hayseed Ervin got down on his knees and Philip climbed on his back and away he scampered, down the road, with Philip clapped around his neck. At last they reached the depot and tapped at the door and waited until it was opened by a fat woman in a big white apron. Then came the whistling train and took them away to Chicago to the Hasenstab home. The Hasenstab wife and children opened their eyes wide with wonder, for there stood Hayseed Ervin with Philip on his arm by the entrance.

Hayseed Ervin will always remember the fun he had at the camp meeting with Philip Hasenstab. He says Mr. Hasenstab and his family are lovely people, as he views this world. And he says that if Rev. Hasenstab ever gets hurt again, he is welcome to his care again. Mr. Ervin is a very pleasant man. He owns ten acres of fruit farm here on the south side. He and his family moved to the farm from Chicago last Spring. He has got a winter's job at the *Daily Tribune* office, where "Chicago" is.

In silent memory of a departed Steamer Chicora, with her crew of twenty-one men and one passenger which foundered off South Haven nine years ago on January 21st, the South Haven people doffed their hats and bowed their heads. The story of the storm and the loss of the steamer are too well known to our readers to again relate them. Its whereabouts is still a mystery.

A "Flinch Party" was royally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lee last Saturday evening at their house. Mr. Lee gave a lecture. His subject was "Cymbeline." Mr. Lee is a good Shakespeare scholar. When all were sate, a was sancer passed to each person and filled with nicely popped and seasoned corn, to be eaten during the lecture.

Notwithstanding the number of times previously related, it never grows old to us. Interest in "Flinch" seems to be increasing, and some learning it who have never played it before, while it is revealing to players some whom did not know, and so giving much amusement.

Last Sunday was one of the most tedious days experienced in South Haven for years. With the thermometer indicating near zero, and a very strong wind blowing, it was no wonder that few people got to church. It has passed without producing a single howl about the damage to the Van Buren County peach crop. The country still lives. Ice on the lake as far as the eye can reach.

Mr. Joseph Kolhoff is now patterning, cutting and sewing the blue overalls for himself, which he will wear the coming March in his work as a farmer. No doubt it would make a clock stop to gaze at his appearance, and even the mules in the streets stop and turn their heads to feast their eyes when he walks along.

There was a lamb standing by the gates the other day. Little Violet Colby says it was in the hope that some girl whose name was Mary would come along and take it to school with her, so that it could actually be Mary's little lamb.

A gentleman here has a deaf and dumb cousin by the name of Oscar Harris, carpenter by occupation, who lives in Danville, Michigan.

If the weather is propitious all of the South Haven deaf-mutes expect to go to the country in a box sled to surprise a deaf family.

Rev. A. W. Mann was in Allegan and Kalamazoo, February 20, the former at 10:30 A.M., and the latter at 7:20 P.M.

Mr. Elijah Robinson, formerly of Detroit, Mich., is now located at St. Joseph, with his father.

Mr. Joseph Kolhoff heard from Mr. Clarence Corey, his room-mate in Kalamazoo, by telephone last Saturday, that he is awfully lonesome without him, and beseeched him to come back to live him. Poor fellow!

A certain person has brought a pair of glasses for his own dear little self. He said his eyes are perfect and he does not need glasses,

but wanted them for personal adornment.

Mr. Colby was on the sick list, nursing his right forefinger with onychia.

A South Haven lady has a little pet dog. It wears a collar on which is written "Darn your curiosity."

Mr. Frank Burr often waited so much to catch that fair maiden in his dream. To not the effect, he is trying to eat an extra dish of corned beef and cabbage every evening.

The South Haven *Daily Tribune*, of this week says: "Poetry in the deaf-mutes? Why not? They were people of like passions with ourselves. They loved, they married, they brought up children, they feared, they sinned, they sorrowed, they fought, they conquered. There was poetry enough in them."

"What were those awful noises I heard last night?"

"That was a young deaf and dumb father trying to quiet his new baby. You see he can not talk so he gives his signs and indian dances as a substitute."

"At the present time there is a keeper on a Northshore (Eng.) estate who has about twenty shots in his head. Nearly thirty years ago this man was accidentally shot by an under-keeper, and there were twenty-two holes in the hat he wore, which is preserved to this day. The injured man never had the shot extracted, was long between life and death, and completely lost his hearing."—*Ex.*

A certain person, who does not wish to have his name put in the paper, had one of his large hollow teeth extracted which had pained him terribly for years. He took the old decayed tooth home as he wanted to get even with it, filled the cavity with sugar, placed it on the bureau and watched it ache.

When the farmers here have nothing else to do they measure big apples and argue about them, while their wives and daughters do their hair in new ways. They say it beats checkers and whittling all hollow.

CHICAGO.

UNCLE SAM'S EXACTNESS.

"No, sir, said a Philadelphian who supplies the government with necessities of life, "you can't do business with Uncle Samuel in the spirit of a contract; you simply must obey his letter. If you put in specifications amounting to 'seven dollars and 21 cents, and then bill it goods under the contract and the same 'seven dollars and 19 cents, you've got to take it back and make up the other 2 cents, or you don't do business."

"Let me give you an instance of Uncle Samuel's character for exactness. We were awarded a contract for 1,000 feet of copper wire for League Island. We sent the order to the manufacturers, and they turned in the stuff. In a few days we got a letter from the island authorities that wire was only 985 feet long."

"We answered that we knew it, that the copper ingot did not yield any more, and that we charged them only for 985 feet. Would that do? Not a bit of it."

"They sent us word that if that wire was not brought up to 1,000 feet the lot would be rejected. Then we had to get a permit from the L. A. to send a man down to join on enough to make the demand good, and he went down and did the work."

"In a few days we were notified that the piece he put on made the whole length 1,004 feet. We wrote back that we didn't care for the 4 feet and Uncle Sam could have it."

"Next morning up comes an order to cut off that four feet or the whole bunch would be rejected. Then we had to get another permit for our man to go down and lop it off, which he did."

"Was it all plain sailing then? I should say not. When he threw the offending excess upon the ground the guard said:

"Pick that up; that's against the rules."

"He picked it up and was about to toss it into the river, when he was stopped in a mandatory way: 'Here, you do that and you'll get yourself into trouble!'"

"So thinking he'd find a resting place outside of the government reserves, our employe walked to the gate, where he found a sentinel."

"What have you got there?"

"A piece of wire."

"You can't carry it out without a permit."

"All right, I don't want to, and cast it down."

"You pick that up," said the sentinel. "You can't throw things around here."

"But I don't want the blame thing."

"Go back and get a permit!"

"And he really had to do it to get that four feet of wire outside of Uncle Sam's fence. Now, wouldn't that make you tired?"—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

The ordinary skyrocket is made of various compositions packed in tube rolled tightly round a cylindrical core. The match by which the rocket is exploded is placed in a cavity at the bottom. The movement of the rocket would be irregular if it were not for the guide stick, which is made very light, so that it does not retard the flight of the rocket when the gases come out and hit the ground with all their might and send the rocket up into the air for all that it is worth.

PRETENDED TO BE MUTE

"He's deaf and dumb," was the statement made by Bicycle Policeman Green in the Police Court this morning when Clerk Harper called "William B. Morgan."

"Here he is said Bailiff Kending, leading the man, who is about forty years of age, to the rail of the dock. 'What's the charge?' Prosecutor Pugh inquired."

"Vagrancy," Clerk Harper answered.

"Tell him what he is charged with," the prosecuting attorney instructed Bailiff Kending.

"How can I tell him," that officer said, "when he is unable to hear?"

"Perhaps Sergt. Lombardy or Policeman Flynn could make him understand," an attorney suggested to Mr. Pugh.

"I can write it on paper," Bailiff Kending said, at the same time performing that duty.

"He denies the charge," the bailiff reported, "after Morgan had read the charge. 'I was in a furniture store on 7th street yesterday,' Policeman Green reported, 'when this man came in and asked for some money.'"

"I thought he was deaf and dumb?" Judge Kimball said.

"He had a written appeal for aid, which stated that he was tired of living on soup," the officer answered, "and I am informed that he is not deprived of the power of hearing and talking."

"I have been told the same thing," Agent Massie volunteered, "by people at the Central Union Mission, where he stops."

"I'll pass this case for a few minutes, and in the meantime you visit the mission and have somebody there who knows this man come here to court," his honor instructed Policeman Green.

A short time later the watchman at the mission appeared in court and expressed surprise when informed that Morgan was deaf and dumb.

"Why, we were talking with each other Monday night," he said.

Seeing that he had been exposed, Morgan broke into a broad grin and was about to return to the cell room when he was halted.

"What do you want to say to that?" the court asked.

"Nothing," replied the supposed deaf and dumb man.

Judge Kimball had something to say, however, and it was "\$40 or six months in the workhouse," the maximum penalty for vagrancy.

With the Mind's Eye.

A man blind from birth, speaking to a writer in *London Answers* of the mental pictures which unfortunately like himself have of external things, said:

"We get some idea of shape, more than we do of size. Of color, we have an idea of black and white and of red, but I think few if any of us can comprehend any other hue. We picture the sun as an immense mass, with red rays shooting about it, and daylight as a million white shafts floating above the earth."

"A blind man's dreams are not like those of other people, but consist almost entirely of sensations of sound. He cannot dream of scenes and places, for he has never seen them."

"The sensation of sound and motion takes the place in the dreams of the blind of the objects which appear in the visions of the sight to those who can see. I speak of those who have been blind always, for, of course, with those who once could see, their dreams may be filled with visions of people and places which their waking eyes cannot now behold, but which may appear vividly in sleep. But one who has always been blind cannot dream of seeing."

Not Tall Enough.

History has recorded that a foreign princess to whom Henry VIII. of England offered his hand in marriage sent back the pointed answer that "if she had two heads she would gladly have placed one of them at his majesty's disposal."

This allusion to the fate of Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard was a good specimen of the epigrammatic smartness of that period; but, says Mr. David Kerr, an equally creditable performance has been furnished by our own age.

Just at the time when vague reports were beginning to creep abroad that Germany was meditating fresh extension of her frontier at the expense of Holland, a Dutch official of high rank happened to be visiting the court of Berlin, where he was handsomely entertained. Among other spectacles got up to amuse him, a review was organized at Potsdam. "What does his excellency think of our soldiers?" asked Prince Bismarck, as one of the regiments came marching past in admirable order. "They looked as if they knew how to fight," replied the visitor, gravely, "but they are not quite tall enough."

The prince looked rather surprised at this disparaging criticism. He made no answer, however, and several other regiments filed past in succession; but the Dutchman's verdict upon each and all was still the same: "Not tall enough."

At length the grenadiers of the guard made their appearance—a magnificent body of veterans, big and stalwart enough to have satisfied even the giant-loving father of Frederick the Great; but the inextinguishable critic merely said "Fine soldiers, but not tall enough."

Then Prince Bismarck fairly lost patience and rejoined, somewhat sharply: "These grenadiers are the finest men in our whole army; may I ask what your excellency is pleased to mean by saying that they are not tall enough?"

The Dutchman looked him full in the face and replied, with significant emphasis: "I mean that we can flood our country twelve feet deep."—*London Tid Bits.*

Giant Arctic Island.

At last Baffin Land—named in honor of the English navigator William Baffin, who explored the Arctic regions as early as 1612 and discovered the great bay of his name in 1616—has been found to be an island. This discovery has been made by Dr. Robert Ball, of the Canadian Geological Survey, who says its area is 300,000 square miles. It is the third largest island in the world, the two others being Australia and Greenland. The island possesses enormous glaciers, one of which, besides being remarkable for its extent, is the southernmost glacier in Eastern America. There is also a wonderful system of great inland waters. In southern Baffin Land there is a great lake region. The southernmost lake, Amadjuak, is probably one hundred and twenty miles in length by forty in breadth.

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Saturday Evening,
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AT 8:30

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A Fair will be held at St. Ann's Church, for the Benefit of the Church Fund, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, February 11th, 12th, 13th. Useful and Fancy articles will be for sale. Doors open at 7.30 P. M. Season Ticket, 10 cents.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

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